

SKY AND PURPOSES

Why the air is preposterous
Why there are configurations up in the sky
Why one cloud is shaped for a rhinoceros
Why another cloud is shaped for an elephant
Why the air is uproarious
Why there is the roar of the winds
Why there is a lion charging out of the wonderbrush
Why another cloud is shaped for a honey bunch
Why another cloud is shaped for a bunch of flowers
Why the sky is full of humming bees
Why another cloud is shaped for a cloud of dust
Why there are to be South American Christmas presents
Why there is Santa Claus and his eight tiny reindeer
Why there is the man with a sleigh charging across the
summer noonday skies

-- Alfred Starr Hamilton

Montclair NJ

IT'S A KIND OF PLAGUE THAT DISEASES MY MIND

Not a seven-year itch. That tender ailment sapped
a lucid segment of my soul long before

The age of seven. At fourteen my system was contaminated with antibodies far worse than the germ

They were built to fight. This is hardly worse
than hot flashes that are sometimes an embarrassment

To menopausal women as they will most likely
strike at an inappropriate an inopportune time.

The plague I speak of cannot be put off
with banal cocktail banter -- not for anyone

Who has known it. It is the Black Death
of the spirit which has wiped out a quarter part

Of my best years -- as that known virus
decimated London, and much of Europe for three cen-

Turies. It is true, I was not untouched
by the Crusades either.